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MELEAGER



FIFTY  
POEMS OF MELEAGER, *of God*

WITH A TRANSLATION  
BY  
WALTER HEADLAM

Εὐκράτew Μελέαγρος ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυον Ἔρωτα  
καὶ Μούσας ἱλαραῖς συστολίσας Σάρισιν.

London  
MACMILLAN AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK  
1890

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*Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh*

Greek  
Galloway  
11-13-30  
22729

CONTEXTAM  
NON SINE GRATIIS  
COROLLAM  
HVGONI MACNAGHTEN  
TALIVM FLORVM  
AMICO STVDIOSO  
D. D.  
AMICVS FLORILEGVS

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WITH whatsoever skill is ours  
we Meleager praise,  
the amorous nature, fond of flowers,  
the master of sweet phrase:

We Meleager praise, that well  
of unkind Love's despite  
could tell in song, in song could tell  
of kindly Love's delight.

Foreign of race are we, that own  
too harsh a voice to sing,  
music of more entrancing tone,  
to praise him, borrowing.

And yet no stranger he, nor dead,  
for him among all men  
the Muses have established  
a deathless denizen.

Ἡμεῖς τὸν φιλέρωτα, τὸν ἠδόμενον Μελέαγρον  
ἄνθεσι, τὸν καλῆς ἔμμορον εὐεπίης,  
αἰνοῦμεν, τὸν Ἔρωτος ἀμειλιχίου μελεδώντας  
εὖ καὶ μειλιχίου τέρψιν ἀεισάμενον,  
ὀθνεῖοι γενεήν, φωνὴν τραχεῖαν ἔχοντες,  
ἀλλ' ἐρατεινότερην γῆρυν ἀμειψάμενοι,  
οὐ ξένον, οὐ τεθνηκότ'· ἐπεὶ Μοῦσαί σφε μέτοικον  
ἄφθιτον ἐν πᾶσιν θῆκαν ἐπιχθονίοις.



## INTRODUCTION

WE know little more of Meleager than we learn from his own poems (XLIX and L), that he was born at Gadara in Palestine, lived in his youth at Tyre, and in his old age at Cos; and that he made his first essay in literature as a disciple of Menippus, the Cynic, whom we know to have been his fellow-citizen. Menippus was famous for his satires. Diogenes Laertius, in his *Lives of the Philosophers*, says of him: "There is nothing of serious value to be got from him, but his books are full of laughable matter, something like those of his contemporary, Meleager." Still, the epithet commonly applied to him, ὁ σπουδογέλοιος, suggests that his humour had a serious purpose. Meleager's words do not imply that he was more than an imitator of Menippus in the satiric style. Of this kind, doubtless, were the works from which Athenaeus quotes, the *Χάριτες*, or *Graces*, and the *Συμπόσιον*, or *Banquet-Party*, which was probably modelled on the *Συμπόσιον* of Menippus. The loss of these we need not lament, possessing what we do of his poems and of the *Στέφανος*. This was a collection of short poems, such as these of his own, which he

gathered together into a *Garland*, dedicating it to his friend Diocles in beautiful verses. Here are some of the most interesting couplets of this dedication, in which, naming forty-seven of the contributing authors, he assigns to each a flower :

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον αἰοιδάν ;  
 ἢ τίς ὁ καὶ τεύξας ὕμνοθέταν στέφανον ;  
 ἄνυσε μὲν Μελέαγρος, ἀριζάλῳ δὲ Διοκλεῖ  
 μναμόσυνον ταῦτα ἐξεπόνησε χάριν·  
 πολλὰ μὲν ἐμπλέξας Ἀνύτης κρίνα, πολλὰ δὲ Μοιροῦς  
 λείρια, καὶ Σαπφοῦς βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα·  
 νάρκισσόν τε τορῶν Μελανιππίδου ἔγκυον ὕμνων,  
 καὶ νέον οἰνάνθης κλῆμα Σιμωνίδεω.

. . . . .  
 τῇ δ' ἄμα καὶ σάμψυχον ἀφ' ἡδυπνόοιο Ῥιανοῦ,  
 καὶ γλυκὺν Ἠρίνῃς παρθενόχρωτα κρόκον.

. . . . .  
 ἐν δ' ἄρα Δαμάγητον, Ἴον μέλαν, ἡδύ τε μύρτον  
 Καλλιμάχου, στυφελοῦ μεστὸν αἰεὶ μέλιτος.

. . . . .  
 ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ φορβῆς σκομότριχος ἄνθος ἀκάκθης  
 Ἀρχιλόχου, μικρὰς στράγγας ἀπ' ὠκεανοῦ.

. . . . .

ναὶ μὴν καὶ χρύσειον αἰεὶ θείοιο Πλάτωνος  
κλῶνα, τὸν ἐξ ἀρετῆς πάντοθι λαμπόμενον.

ἄλλων τ' ἔρνεα πολλὰ νεόγραφα· τοῖς δ' ἅμα μούσης  
καὶ σφετέρης ἔτι που πρῶιμα λευκία.

Sweet Muse, to whom this fruitage of singing hast thou brought ?  
who was it that the poets' garland wrought ?  
'twas Meleager made it, for noble Diocles  
contriving a remembrance that might please ;  
of Moero many lilies enweaving in his posies,  
and Anyte ; of Sappho few,—but roses ;  
with daffodils hymn-teeming of Melanippides,  
and young vine-tendril of Simonides.

With marjoram from fragrant Rhianus therewithal,  
and sweet Erinna's crocus virginal.

The pansy, Damagetus, and of Callimachus  
sweet myrtle, full of honey rigorous.

And, from the pasture, blossom from off that crispéd thorn,  
Archilochus, small drops from ocean borne.

. . . . .  
 With ever-golden branches of Plato the divine,  
 that everywhere do of their virtue shine.

. . . . .  
 And many shoots of others new-writ ; and with them set  
 of his own muse white snowdrops early yet.

We have altogether near one hundred and thirty epigrams ascribed to Meleager ; but half of them will hardly bear translation.

A scholiast says that he flourished in the time of the last Seleucus. The last king of the name was killed in B.C. 95 or 94. The last of the Seleucid dynasty, Antiochus Asiaticus, was expelled by Pompeius in B.C. 65.

A most eloquent criticism of Meleager will be found in the chapter on the Anthology of Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Studies of the Greek Poets*. That there I read first of Meleager is only one small reason for the tribute I delight in paying to that book.

Translation being so much a technical matter, I may be allowed to add a few words upon the metres I have used. Ten-syllable iambics can rarely give the effect of Greek elegiacs. For poems of a somewhat severe style, as the Epitaphs of Simonides, they may serve, though too short ; and are suited to *epigrams* in our narrowed English sense, especially when of only two lines : but for poems whose excellence is their melody and grace they are not only too short, but too stiff and too

slow. I am sure that the movement of the elegiac couplet is generally best rendered by the simple quatrain I have most often used, though this, in its turn, is a little over-long. It is not unnecessary to say that correspondence in length is not to be judged by counting syllables. Greek is longer than English; owing to perfection of structure not so much as would appear from comparison of the separate words, but still slightly longer on the whole. My variations from the simple quatrain must justify themselves. In the *Idyll on Spring* I have tried to suggest the effect of the bucolic hexameter.

Finally, I would assure those who cannot read the Greek that the translation is at any rate faithful.

FLORENCE, *May* 1890.



Of every flower his *garland* did Meleager twine,  
*but he doth of the garland himself the garland shine.*

Τὸν στέφανον Μελέαγρος ἀπανταχόθεν συνέπλεξεν·  
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

SUCH the blossoms that were borne  
by the Grecian soil outworn,  
whom the portion to possess  
of eternal youthfulness  
did the Muses, kindly bent,  
with the Graces in consent,  
will, upon their opening,  
their sweet beauty marvelling.  
Not of Grecian birth are we,  
but, no Grecians though we be,  
still to us the blooms are dear,  
blown in Greece, and never sere.

Τοιάδε καὶ γήρασκον ἀνέτραφεν Ἑλλάδος οὐδας  
ἄνθεα, τοῖς ἤβης δῶρον ἀειθαλέος  
κοινὸν σὺν Χαρίτεσσιν ἀνοιγομένοισιν ἔδωκαν  
Μοῦσαι, τὸ γλυκερὸν κάλλος ἀγασσάμεναι.  
ἡμεῖς οὐχ Ἑλληνες· ἀνέλληνες δὲ φιλοῦμεν  
τὴν οὐ καρφομένην Ἑλλάδος ἀνθοσύνην.

SWEET utterances we bring to thee  
of Meleager's voice,  
that are of all his poesy  
the treasures of our choice.

Come, if thou canst, receive the gift ;  
but if thy learning fails  
to rede the dulcet-sounding drift  
of Grecian nightingales,

For thee the twitterings musical,  
so hardly to be read,  
in our outlandish phrases all  
have we interpreted.

· Ἦνιδε καλλίφθογγα μελίσματά σοι Μελεάγρου  
προσφέρομεν, πολλῶν ταῦτ' ἀπολεξάμενοι.  
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν δύνασαι, λαβὲ τὴν χάριν· εἰ δ' ἀμαθαίνεις  
λείριον Ἑλλήνων μούσαν ἀηδονίδων,  
σοὶ τὰ δυσερμήνευτα λαλήματα βαρβαροφώνοις  
χρησάμενοι φθόγγοις πάντ' ἐσαφηνίσαμεν.



POEMS OF MELEAGER



## I

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός· τί δὲ τὸ πλεόν ἦν πάλιν εἶπω  
καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώζων πολλάκι, Δεινὸς Ἔρως ;  
ἦ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς  
ῥέδεται· ἦν δ' εἶπω λοῖδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.  
θαῦμα δέ μοι πῶς ἄρα, διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανείσα  
κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

## I

A PLAGUE is Love, a plague ! but yet  
what profit shall it prove  
again and oft again to fret  
and cry : *A plague is Love ?*

The boy but laughs to hear such news ;  
chid with a tongue let loose,  
enjoys it ; and if I abuse,  
he thrives upon abuse.

O hither through the green wave sent,  
Cypris, I must admire  
how thou from that moist element  
hast brought to birth a fire !

## II

Κηρύσσω τὸν Ἑρωτα, τὸν ἄγριον· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄρτι  
 ὀρθρινὸς ἐκ κοίτης ᾗχετ' ἀποπτάμενος.  
 ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς γλυκύδακρυς, αἰλάλος, ὠκύς, ἀθαμβήης,  
 σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῶτα, φαρετροφόρος·  
 πατρὸς δ' οὐκέτ' ἔχω φράζειν τίνος· οὔτε γὰρ Αἰθὴρ,  
 οὐ Χθὼν φησι τεκεῖν τὸν θρασὺν, οὐ Πέλαγος·  
 πάντη γὰρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἀπέχθεται· ἀλλ' ἐσορᾶτε  
 μή που νῦν ψυχαῖς ἄλλα τίθησι λῖνα.  
 καίτοι κείνος ἰδοὺ περὶ φωλεόν· οὔ με λέληθας,  
 τοξότα, Ζηνοφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

## II

HUE and cry for Love the wild ! for early from his bed,  
early in the morning hath he taken wing and fled.

Sweet in tears and sly of laughter, dauntless, prattling ever,  
swift, with wings upon his back and at his side a quiver.

But the father of the rogue I cannot tell, for Sea,  
Earth and Air alike declare : *No son of mine is he.*

For of all he is abhorred in every place ; beware  
lest he setteth for your souls even now another snare.

See, why at his lair he lies ! I have discovered thee,  
archer, lurking in the eyes of my Zenophile.

## III

Πωλείσθω καὶ ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισι καθεύδων·  
 πωλείσθω· τί δ' ἐμοὶ τὸ θρασὺ τοῦτο τρέφειν ;  
 καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφν καὶ ὑπόπτερον, ἄκρα δ' ὄνυξι  
 κνίζει, καὶ κλαῖον πολλὰ μεταξὺ γελᾷ·  
 πρὸς δ' ἔτι λοιπὸν ἄτρεπτον, αἰίλαλον, ὄξυν δεδορκός,  
 ἄγριον, οὐδ' αὐτῇ μητρὶ φίλῃ τιθασόν·  
 πάντα τέρας· τοίγαρ πεπράσεται. εἴ τις ἀπόπλους  
 ἔμπορος ὠνεῖσθαι παῖδα θέλει, προσίτω.  
 καίτοι λίσσεται ἰδοὺ δεδακρυμένος· οὐ σ' ἔτι πωλῶ·  
 θάρσει· Ζηνοφίλα σύντροφος ὦδε μένε.

## III

LET him be sold, though still he sleep  
upon his mother's breast !  
let him be sold ! why should I keep  
so turbulent a pest ?

For wingéd he was born, he leers,  
and sharply with his nails  
he scratches, and amid his tears  
oft laughs the while he wails.

Withal and further, glances keen  
he plies, devoid of shame,  
a ceaseless babbler, wild, nor e'en  
to his own dear mother tame.

An utter monster : on that ground  
sold he shall be to-day :  
if any trader outward bound  
would buy a boy, this way !

But see, in tears beseecheth he :  
nay, thee no more I sell :  
fear not, with my Zenophile  
remain thou here to dwell.

## IV

Ἦδη λευκόιον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος  
νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα·  
ἤδη δ' ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὥριμον ἄνθος,  
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ἀδὺ τέθηλε ρόδον.  
λειμώνες, τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελάτε ;  
ἀ γὰρ παῖς κρείσσω ἀδυπνόων στεφάνων.

## IV

Now bloometh the white violet,      now bloom the daffodils  
that love the rain, the lilies bloom      that ramble o'er the hills.

Now, love's delight, among the flowers      the fairest flower that blows,  
Zenophile is in her bloom,      Enchantment's own sweet rose.

Ye meadows, why so vainly smile      for blossoms in the grass,  
whenas your fragrant posies all      my lady doth surpass?



## V

Ἄδὺ μέλος, ναὶ Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα, πηκτίδι μέλπεις,  
Ζηνοφίλα, ναὶ Πᾶν', ἄδὺ κρέκεις τι μέλος.  
ποῖ σε φύγω ; πάντα με περιστείχουσιν Ἔρωτες  
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀμπνεῦσαι βαιὸν ἐῷσι χρόνον.  
ἦ γάρ μοι μορφὰ βάλλει πόθον, ἦ πάλι μούσα,  
ἦ χάρις, ἦ—τί λέγω ; πάντα· πυρὶ φλέγομαι.

## V

A LOVELY melody, my sweet,        by Pan of Arcady,  
thou playest upon thy lyre ; by Pan,        a lovely melody !

Where shall I fly ? on every side        about me Loves patrol,  
and will not even a breathing-while        give rest unto my soul.

For now thy beauty, now thy wit        awakes in me desire,  
or else thy grace, or else thine—all :        I am consumed in fire.

## VI

Εὐδεις, Ζηνοφίλα, τρυφερὸν θάλος· εἴθ' ἐπὶ σοὶ νῦν  
ἄπτερος εἰσῆειν ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροις·  
ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ μὴδ' οὗτος ὁ καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλων  
φοιτήσαι κάτεχον δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σε μόνος.

## VI

ZENOPHILE, my tender bloom,  
thou sleepest. Oh the guise  
of gliding slumber to assume  
and enter on thine eyes !

That thereby might not even he  
have unto thee access  
who lulls the lids of Zeus, but thee  
I only might possess.

## VII

Τὸ σκύφος ἀδὺ γέγηθε, λέγει δ' ὅτι τᾶς φιλέρωτος  
ψαύει Ζηνοφίλας τοῦ λαλίου στόματος.  
ὄλβιον· εἴθ' ὑπ' ἐμοῖς νῦν χεῖλεσι χεῖλεα θείσα  
ἀπνευστὶ ψυχὰν τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ προπίοι.

## VII

THE cup in bliss rejoiceth much  
because, so boasteth he,  
'tis his the prattling mouth to touch  
of sweet Zenophile.

O happy cup, to be so quaffed !  
would she her lips might strain  
to my lips now, and at a draught  
the soul within me drain !

## VIII

Ὀξυβόαι κώνωπες, ἀναιδέες, αἵματος ἀνδρῶν  
σίφωνες, νυκτὸς κνώδαλα διπτέρυγα,  
βαιὸν Ζηνοφίλαν, λίτομαι, πάρεθ' ἥσυχον ὕπνον  
εὐδεῖν, τὰμὰ δ' ἰδοὺ σαρκοφαγεῖτε μέλη.  
καίτοι πρὸς τί μάτην αὐδῶ ; καὶ θῆρες ἄτεγκτοι  
τέρπονται τρυφερῷ χρωτὶ χλαινόμενοι.  
ἀλλ' ἔτι νῦν προλέγω, κακὰ θρέμματα, λήγετε τόλμης,  
ἢ γνῶσεσθε χερῶν ζηλοτύπων δύναμιν.

## VIII

Ho there, you shrilly-sounding gnats,        you suckers of men's blood !  
ho there, you shameless animals,        night's double-wingéd brood !

A little space let quiet sleep        Zenophile refresh,  
I beg of you, and make, behold,        your banquet on my flesh.

Yet why command I thus in vain ?        even unperceiving beasts  
delight upon her tender skin        to make their dainty feasts.

But, evil creatures, still I give        my warning unto you :  
your boldness end, or you shall see        what jealous hands can do.



## IX

Ἦχῆεις τέττιξ, δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεῖς  
ἀγρονόμον μέλπεις μούσαν ἐρημολάλον.  
ἄκρα δ' ἐφέζομενος πετάλοις πριονώδεσι κώλοις  
αἰθίοπι κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρης.  
ἀλλά, φίλος, φθέγγου τι νέον δενδρώδεσι Νύμφαις  
παίγνιον, ἀντφδὸν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,  
ὄφρα φυγὼν τὸν Ἑρωτα μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνον ἀγρεύσω  
ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερῇ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῃ.

## IX

CHIRRUPPING grasshopper, drunken with dew-drops,  
lonely thou tunest a shrill meadow-lay,  
perched upon petals, with legs that are saw-like,  
swarthy one, as on a cithern to play.

Friend, sing anew for delight of the tree-nymphs,  
answer to Pan with a rivalling strain,  
that I, fleeing Love, may get sleep in the noon-tide  
here, lying under the shade of the plane.

## X

Τί ξένον εἰ βροτολοιγὸς Ἔρως τὰ πυρίπνοα τόξα  
βάλλει καὶ λαμυροῖς ὄμμασι πικρὰ γελᾷ ;  
οὐ μάτηρ στέργει μὲν Ἄρη, γάμετις δὲ τέτυκται  
Ἀφαιστοῦ, κοινὰ καὶ πυρὶ καὶ ξίφεσιν ;  
οὐ ματρὸς μάτηρ ἀνέμων μᾶστιξι Θάλασσα  
τραχὺ βοᾷ ; γενέτας δ' οὔτε τίς οὔτε τίνος.  
τοῦνεκεν Ἀφαιστοῦ μὲν ἔχει φλόγα κύμασι δ' ὄργαν  
στέρξεν ἴσαν Ἄρεως δ' αἱματόφυρτα βέλη.

## X

WHAT wonder if destroying Love      flame-breathing arrows plies ?  
what if he laugheth bitterly      with wanton-looking eyes ?

His mother, is she not in love      with Ares ? and for lord  
Hephaestus hath she not ? allied      with fire alike and sword.

Doth not his mother's mother, Sea,      in tempest harshly groan  
under the scourge ? but who his sire,      or whence, are neither known.

So from Hephaestus flame hath he,      and billow-like the mood  
he loveth ; even as Ares, fond      of arrows blood-embued.

## XI

Καὐτὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτηνὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω  
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

XI

EVEN wingéd Love was captured in the skies,  
Timarion, being snaréd by thine eyes.

## XII

Ἴξδον ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δ' ὄμματα, Τιμάριον, πῦρ·  
ἦν ἐσίδης, καίεις· ἦν δὲ θίγης, δέδεκας.

XII

THINE eyes are fire, Timarion,  
thy kiss a liméd lure ;  
thou kindest whom thou look'st upon,  
whom touchest, hast him sure.



## XIII

Τρισσαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρθενοι ὦραι,  
τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.  
ἦ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατείρυσεν, ὥς ἄρα μέλλων  
οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

## XIII

THE Graces three in number are,      the maiden Seasons three,  
and three the woman-mad desires      that do enfrenzy me.

For sure upon three bows he hath      drawn tight three several darts,  
as not one heart alone to pierce      within me, but three hearts !

## XIV

Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, Ἔρως, φλέξω τὰ σὰ πάντα πυρώσας,  
 τόξα τε καὶ Σκυθικὴν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην·  
 φλέξω ναὶ—τί μάταια γελᾷς καὶ σιμὰ σεσηρῶς  
 μυχθίζεις ; τάχα πού σαρδάνιον γελάσεις.  
 ἦ γάρ σευ τὰ ποδηγὰ Πόθων ὠκύπτερα κόψας  
 χαλκόδετον σφίγξω σοῖς περὶ ποσσὶ πέδην.  
 καίτοι Καδμεῖον κράτος οἶσομεν εἴ σε πάροικον  
 ψυχῇ συζεύξω, λύγκα παρ' αἰπολλοῖς.  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι, δυσνίκητε, λαβὼν δ' ἔπι κοῦφα πέδιλα  
 ἐκπέτασον ταχυνὰς εἰς ἑτέρους πτέρυγας.

## XIV

Love, in the flames thine all, I swear      by Cypris, I will burn,  
thy bow and Scythian quiver filled      with arrows each in turn.

I will, by—why so idly laugh?      with sneer so mocking why  
make mouths at me? too soon wilt thou      be laughing all awry.

Thy plumes, the leaders of Desires,      I verily will dock,  
and brazen fetters in their stead      about thine ankles lock.

Yet sure Cadmean then would be      the triumph I should reap,  
to join thee neighbour to my soul,      a wolf among the sheep!

Away, invincible, away!      light sandals take beside,  
and spread against another foe      thy speedy pinions wide!

## XV

Φαμί ποτ' ἐν μύθοις τὰν εὖλαλον Ἥλιοδώραν  
νικάσκειν αὐτὰς τὰς Χάριτας χάρισιν.

XV

Soon Heliodora with her prattle sweet  
in graces even the Graces will defeat.

## XVI

Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τί σοὶ τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἔρωτος  
τραῦμα διὰ στέρνων αὐθις ἀναφλέγεται ;  
μὴ μὴ πρὸς σε Διός, μὴ πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε,  
κινήσης τέφρα πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.  
αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σε φυγοῦσαν  
λήψετ' Ἔρως, εὐρὼν δράπετιν αἰκίσεται.

## XVI

AH tearful soul, why sufferest  
again to be inflamed  
the wound of Love within thy breast  
that was but lately tamed ?

Nay nay, be not, in heaven's name,  
in heaven's name, so rash,  
foolhardy one, to stir the flame  
now smouldering under ash !

For, heedless thou of all past ill,  
if flown another day  
Love finds thee, soon as caught he will  
chastise his runaway.



## XVII

Ναὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα θέλω τὸ παρ' οὔασιν Ἑλιοδώρας  
φθέγμα κλύειν ἢ τᾶς Λατοίδεω κιθάρας.

XVII

By Love, Apollo's harp I would not hear  
as Heliodora's whisper in mine ear !

## XVIII

Αἰεὶ μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἦχος Ἔρωτος,  
ὄμμα δὲ σῖγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει·  
οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων  
ἤδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.  
ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μὲν, Ἔρωτες,  
οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε ;

## XVIII

THE sound of Love dins ever in mine ears ;  
silent mine eyes to Longing bear sweet tears :  
nor night nor dawn allays them : in my breast  
philtres have one familiar form imprest.  
O wingéd Loves, can ye fly hither then  
without even strength to fly away again ?

## XIX

Ἐντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίας τὰν εὐλαλον Ἥλιοδώραν  
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἔπλασσεν Ἔρως.

XIX

WITHIN my heart the sweetly-prattling maid,  
soul of my soul, hath Love himself portrayed.

## XX

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχὴ· Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἀλώσει,  
 ὧ δύσερως, ἰξῶ πολλὰ προσιπταμένη ;  
 οὐκ ἐβόων ; εἰλέν σε παγὴ· τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς  
 σπαίρεις ; αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν·  
 καί σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δ' ἔρραине λιπόπνουν,  
 δῶκε δὲ διψώσῃ δάκρυα θερμὰ πιεῖν.  
 ἂ ψυχὴ βαρύμοχθε, σὺ δ' ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἴθη,  
 ἄρτι δ' ἀναψύχεις πνεῦμ' ἀναλεξαμένη.  
 τί κλαίεις ; τὸν ἄτεγκτον ὅτ' ἐν κόλποισιν Ἔρωτα  
 ἔτρεφες, οὐκ ἦδεις ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο ;  
 οὐκ ἦδεις ; νῦν γνῶθι καλῶν ἀλλαγμα τροφείων,  
 πῦρ ἄμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.  
 αὐτὴ ταῦθ' εἴλου· φέρε τὸν πόνον· ἄξια πάσχεις  
 ὧν ἔδρας, ὅπτῳ καιομένη μέλιτι.

## XX

CRIED I not so to thee, my soul :    *Thou wilt be caught, I swear,*  
*O lovesick one, if hovering oft    around the limed snare ?*

I cried.    The trap has taken thee.        Why dost thou writhe in vain  
within thy bonds ? 'tis Love himself    hath bound thy wings amain ;

Set thee on flames, bedewed thy brows    with myrrh when thou didst sink,  
and when thou thirstedst unto thee    gave scalding tears to drink.

So now in fire thou witherest,    O soul in heavy pain,  
and now, recovering thy breath,    thou growest cold again.

Why weepest thou ? when heartless Love    thou nourishedst at first  
within thy bosom, knew'st thou not    against thee he was nursed ?

Knewest thou not ? the recompense    for thy kind nurture know,  
receiving in thy heart at once    both fire and freezing snow.

'Twas thine own choice.    Endure the pain.    Thy wages thou hast earned,  
and sufferest fitly for thy fault,    in boiling honey burned.



## XXI

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἄπτε· πορεύσομαι· ἡνίδε τόλμα.  
Οἰνοβαρές, τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα ; Κωμάσομαι.  
Κωμάσομαι ; ποῖ, θυμέ, τρέπη ; Τί δ' Ἑρωτι λογισμός ;  
ἄπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ἡ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη ;  
Ἐρρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα  
τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἑρως.

## XXI

TRY the hazard !—light torches ! I'll go ! come, be bold !

*Thou drunkard, what meanest ?* A revel I'll hold.

*A revel ? Mind, whither ?* What's logic to Love ?

quick, a torch ! *Our long reasoning, vain shall it prove ?*

Away with the labour of wisdom ! I know

this only, that Zeus too by Love was brought low.

## XXII

Οἶσω ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέο, κώμων  
ἄρχε, θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει κραδίαν·  
ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεὶς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,  
καί με πάλιν δήσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἰκέτην.  
ᾧ προδότας καὶ ἄπιστος ἔφυς· τεὰ δ' ὄργια κρύπτειν  
αὐδῶν ἐκφαίνειν τὰμὰ σὺ νῦν ἐθέλεις.

## XXII

BACCHUS, by thyself I swear,  
thy spite I'll bear :  
lead on, thou lord of revels, ride  
a god my mortal will to guide !

Born in fire, thou dost approve  
the flame of love,  
and again thou bringest me  
bound, in homage unto thee.

Oh a traitor is thy heart,  
untrue thou art !  
bidding thy mysteries conceal,  
now thou wouldest mine reveal.

## XXIII

*\*Ἐγχει τᾶς Πειθοῦς καὶ Κύπριδος Ἥλιοδώρας,  
καὶ πάλι τᾶς αὐτᾶς ἀδυλόγου Χάριτος·  
αὐτὰ γὰρ μί' ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεὸς ᾧ τὸ ποθεινὸν  
οὔνομ' ἐν ἀκρήτῳ συγκεράσας πίομαι.*

## XXIII

FILL, to Enchantment and to Love      in Heliodora's name !  
fill, to the sweetly-speaking Grace,      again, again the same !

For she my only goddess is      whose name, whereon I think,  
with my pure draught of offering      I mingle ere I drink.

## XXIV

Πλέξω λευκόιον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις  
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα·  
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν, ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον  
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα·  
ὥς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἑλιοδώρας  
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

## XXIV

WHITE violets I'll twine ;  
the tender daffodilly  
with myrtles I'll entwine ;  
I'll twine the laughing lily.

I'll twine sweet crocus too ;  
I'll twine among my posies  
dark hyacinth for blue ;  
I'll twine the lover's roses.

That thrown my lady's head  
of myrrhy tresses over  
a wreath with blossom shed  
her lovely locks may cover.



## XXV

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἥλιοδώρας·  
αὐτὴ δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

XXV

On Heliadora's brow the garland pines,  
but she the garland of the garland shines.

## XXVI

Σφαιριστὰν τὸν Ἔρωτα τρέφω· σοὶ δ', Ἥλιοδώρα,  
βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομένην κραδίαν.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαίκταν δέξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ με  
ρίψαις, οὐκ οἶσω τὰν ἀπάλαιστρον ὕβριν.

## XXVI

LOVE with me as a ball-player	I keep, that unto thee,
O Heliodora, throws the heart	that boundeth up in me.
Come take Desire for playfellow	and straight return Love's aim,
or I'll not brook the haughtiness	that cannot play the game.

## XXVII

*"Αρπασται· τίς τόσσον ἂν αἰχμάσαι ἄγριος εἴη,  
τίς τόσον, αἵρεσθαι καὶ πρὸς Ἔρωτα μάχην ;  
ἄπτε· τάχος πεύκας· καίτοι κτύπος Ἥλιοδώρας·  
βαῖνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδία.*

## XXVII

SHE's stolen ! who dauntless enough to give battle,  
who fierce enough, war against Love to declare ?  
light the torches at once !—but that rustle and rattle—  
back into my breast again, heart ! she is there !

## XXVIII

Ἀνθοδίαίτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὺς Ἡλιοδώρας  
ψαύεις ἐκπρολιπούς' εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας ;  
ἦ σύ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύποιστον  
πικρὸν αἰὲ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἔχει ;  
ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας. ἰὼ φιλέραστε, παλίμπους  
στεῖχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἶδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

## XXVIII

TELL me, flower-pastured bee,        why thus the buds of spring  
forsaking, Heliodora's cheek        thou brushest with thy wing?

Dost thou signify that there,        with sweetness and with smart  
both laden, dwells a sting of love        aye bitter to the heart?

Yes, methinks, 'tis this thou say'st :        go, friend of lovers, go,  
return upon thy path—I knew        thy message long ago.



## XXIX

Ἔγχει καὶ πάλιν εἶπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἥλιοδώρας·  
εἶπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα·  
καί μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἔοντα  
μναμόσυνον κείνας ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.  
δακρύει φιλέραστον ἰδοὺ ῥόδον οὕνεκα κείναν  
ἄλλοθι κοῦ κόλποις ἀμετέροις ἔσορᾷ.

## XXIX

FILL up ! to Heliodora mine  
again, again, again !  
mixed with the pure unblended wine  
her sweet name let me drain !

Bring me the wreath of yesterday  
that drippeth still with myrrh,  
and throw it round my brows, I pray,  
in memory of her !

Ah see, the rose, love's favourer,  
is weeping, sore distrest,  
because elsewhere it seeth her,  
and not upon my breast.

## XXX

Λίσσομ' Ἔρως τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἥλιοδώρας  
κοιμίσσον αἰδεσθεῖς μοῦσαν ἐμὰν ἵκετιν.  
ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδαγμένα βάλλειν  
ἄλλον, αἰεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,  
εἰ καὶ με κτείναις, λείψω φωνεῦντ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
γράμματ'· ἔρωτος ὄρα, ζεῖνε, μῖαιφονίην.

## XXX

Love, prithee spurn thou not my Muse        that kneeleth at thy feet,  
but lull my still-awake desire        for Heliodora sweet.

For by thy bow, that has not learnt        to aim at other hearts  
but without end at mine alone        to pour its wingéd darts,

If thou shouldst kill me, I will leave        engraved my tomb above  
a legend saying : *Stranger, see        the murderousness of Love.*

## XXXI

ὦ νύξ, ὦ φιλάγρυπνος ἐμοὶ πόθος Ἡλιοδώρας,  
καὶ σκολιῶν ὄρθρων κνίσματα δακρυχαρῇ,  
ἄρα μένει στοργῆς ἐμὰ λείψανα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα  
μναμόσυνον ψυχρᾷ θάλπετ' ἐν εἰκασίᾳ ;  
ἄρά γ' ἔχει σύγκοιτα τὰ δάκρυα, καμὸν ὄνειρον  
ψυχαπάτην στέρνοις ἀμφιβαλοῦσα φιλεῖ ;  
ἢ νέος ἄλλος ἔρως, νέα παίγνια ; μήποτε, λύχνε,  
ταῦτ' ἐσίδης, εἷης δ' ἥς παρέδωκα φύλαξ.

## XXXI

O NIGHT, O vigilant desire      for Heliodora dear !  
O tortures of the crabbéd morns      whose joy is in my tear !  
  
Remaineth aught for me of love ?      and in cold phantasy  
doth yet my kiss abide with her      still warm in memory ?  
  
And oh, are tears her bedfellows ?      and doth she clasp and kiss  
upon her breast my dreaméd form      that cheats her soul of bliss ?  
  
Or some new love and new delights—?      ah, never brook to see  
the like, O lamp, but be her guard      with whom I chargéd thee.

## XXXII

Ἄκρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,  
ἄκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,  
αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινόν,  
ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,  
ὥς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,  
ἄκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον·  
δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δώσω  
καὶ δροσερὰς στόματι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

## XXXII

CICALA, bringer on of sleep, deceiver of my pain,  
cicala, meadow-muse of tuneful wing,  
Nature's own mimic of the lyre, come strike a charming strain,  
with thine own feet thy shrill wings battering.

To free me from the miseries of ever-wakeful care,  
the woof of love-beguiling sound renew ;  
and unto thee, as morning gifts, leeks ever-green I'll bear,  
and for thy mouth divided drops of dew.





## XXXIII

*Δάκρυνά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς, Ἥλιοδώρα,  
 δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀίδα,ν,  
 δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.  
 οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθίμενοις Μελέαγρος  
 αἰάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν·  
 αἰαὶ ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος ; ἄρπασεν Ἄιδης,  
 ἄρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.  
 ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, Γᾶ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυτον  
 ἡρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκαλίσαι.*



## XXXIII

TEARS, Heliodora, tears to thee,  
deep down the earth beneath,  
I offer, of my constancy  
a remnant unto Death ;

Tears, bitter tears ; a sacrifice,  
thy woeful tomb above,  
pouring in token of my sighs,  
in token of my love.

Yea, sorely, sorely so for thee,  
still dear, though with the worn,  
vain tribute for Mortality,  
doth Meleager mourn :

*Ah me, where is my darling bud ?  
the Grave hath ravished it,  
hath ravished it ; the dust hath strewed  
my blooming floweret.*

O fostering Earth, I pray of thee  
that her, my grief untold,  
unto thy bosom tenderly  
thou, Mother, wilt enfold.

## XXXIV

Οἰκτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίξενε, δῶρον ἐς Ἕαιδαν  
ὀκτωκαιδεκέταν ἐστόλισε χλαμύδι·  
ἦ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἂν ἔστενεν ἀνὶκ' ἀπ' οἴκων  
ἄλικες οἰμωγᾶ σὸν νέκυν ἀχθοφόρευν,  
πένθος δ', οὐχ ὑμέναιον, ἀνωρύοντο γονῆς,  
αἰαὶ τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένας χάριτας,  
καὶ κενεὰς ὠδῖνας· ἰὼ κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,  
στείρα γόνας στοργὰν ἔπτυσας εἰς ἀνέμους.

## XXXIV

A GIFT most piteous in thy mantle's fold  
unto the grave  
thee, O Charixenus, eighteen years old,  
thy mother gave.

Even a stone had wept upon the day  
when from thy door  
forth with lament the burden of thy clay  
thy fellows bore,

And loud thy parents wailed for misery,  
not marriage blest,  
alas, the disappointed charity,  
of mother's breast,

Alas, the empty travail !—ah, too stern  
virgin above,  
unto the winds, thou barren Fate, to spurn  
a parent's love !

## XXXV

Οὐ Γάμον ἀλλ' Ἴδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα  
 δέξατο παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα·  
 ἄρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχευν  
 λωτοὶ καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·  
 ἡῶι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' ὑμέναιος  
 σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο·  
 αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἔδαδούχευν περὶ παστῶ  
 πεῦκαι καὶ φθιμένα νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

## XXXV

Nor Marriage Clearista won to wait upon her wedding  
but Death, when she unloosed the zone of her virginity :  
for late the pipes at eventide were at her portal shedding  
their music, and her chamber-doors resounded noisily ;

And early on the morrow they raised a note of sorrow,  
the bridal-chorus quieted became a chant of woe ;  
and so the self-same torches about her bower's porches  
gave shine and for her perished lit up the path below.

## XXXVI

εἰς τὰς ἀγκαμβίδας

Δεξιτερὴν Ἀίδαο θεοῦ χέρα καὶ τὰ κελαινὰ  
 ὀμνυμεν ἀρρήτου δέμνια Περσεφόνης,  
 παρθένοι ὥς ἔτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί· πολλὰ δ' ὁ πικρὸς  
 αἰσχροὶ καθ' ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης  
 Ἀρχίλοχος· ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ  
 ἔργα γυναικεῖον δ' ἔτραπεν εἰς πόλεμον.  
 Πιερίδες, τί κόρησιν ἔφ' ὑβριστήρας ἰάμβους  
 ἔτραπετ', οὐχ ὅσῳ φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι ;

## XXXVI

## THE DAUGHTERS OF LYCAMBES

By the right hand of Hades, lord of death,  
and the dark couch of dread Persephone,  
virgin indeed are we, even earth beneath ;  
but slanders oft on our virginity  
poured harsh Archilochus, to no fair use  
his fair speech but on woman-war bestowing :  
Muses, the sharp lampoon why let ye loose  
on maids, to one impure your favour showing ?



## XXXVII

Τανταλλὶ παῖ, Νιόβα, κλυ' ἐμὸν φάτιν, ἄγγελον ἄτας·  
 δέξαι σὼν ἀχέων οἰκτροτάταν λαλιάν.  
 λῦε κόμας ἀνάδεσμον, ἰὼ βαρυπενθέσι Φοίβου  
 γειναμένα τόξοις ἀρσενόπαιδα γόνον·  
 οὐ σοι παῖδες ἔτ' εἰσίν. ἄταρ τί τόδ' ἄλλο ; τί λεύσσω ;  
 αἰαὶ πλημυρεῖ παρθενικαῖσι φόνος.  
 ἅ μὲν γὰρ ματρὸς περὶ γούνασιν, ἅ δ' ἐνὶ κόλποις  
 κέκλιται, ἅ δ' ἐπὶ γᾶς, ἅ δ' ἐπιμαστίδιος·  
 ἄλλα δ' ἀντωπὸν θαμβεῖ βέλος· ἅ δ' ἐπ' οἰστοῖς  
 πτώσσει· τᾶς δ' ἔμπνουν ὄμμ' ἔτι φῶς ὀράει.  
 ἅ δὲ λάλον στέρξασα πάλαι στόμα νῦν ὑπὸ θάμβευς  
 μάτηρ σαρκοπαγῆς οἶα πέπηγε λίθος.

## XXXVII

HEAR, Niobe, my voice that brings        the tidings of distress  
receive the lamentable tale        of thine unhappiness.

Unloose the binding of thy brows,        who thy male progeny  
hast borne unto a grievous doom,        Apollo's archery.

Thy boys, they are no more—but lo,        what fate is this beside?  
what see I here? ah me, with blood        of maidens flows a tide!

For one is at her mother's knees,        one to her bosom prest;  
another lies upon the ground,        another at the breast:

One stares at the confronting bolt;        one at the arrow-flight  
crouches; another's living eye        yet looks upon the light.

And she, the mother, who did erst        lips never-silent own,  
doth now stand fixed in her dismay        like some incarnate stone.

## XXXVIII

εἰς τὸ ἔαρ

Χείματος ἡνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο  
 πορφυρέη μείδῃσε φερανθέος εἵαρος ὥρῃ·  
 γαῖα δὲ κυανέη χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην  
 καὶ φυτὰ θηλήσαντα νέοις ἐκόμῃσε πετήλοις.  
 οἱ δ' ἀπαλὴν πίνοντες ἀξιφύτου δρόσον Ἡοῦς  
 λειμῶνες γελῶσιν ἀνοιγομένοιο ῥόδοιο·  
 χαίρει καὶ σύριγγι νομεὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι λιγαίνων,  
 καὶ πολλοῖς ἐρίφοις ἐπιτέρπεται αἰπόλος αἰγῶν.  
 ἤδη δὲ πλώουσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα ναῦται  
 πνοιῇ ἀπημάντῳ Ζεφύρου λῖνα κολπώσαντος·  
 ἤδη δ' εὐάζουσι φερεσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ  
 ἄνθει βοτρυνόεντος ἐρεψάμενοι τρίχα κισσοῦ.  
 ἔργα δὲ τεχνήεντα βοηγενέεσσι μελίσσαις  
 καλὰ μέλει, καὶ σίμβλῳ ἐφήμεναι ἐργάζονται  
 λευκὰ πολυτρήτοιο νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ.  
 πάντῃ δ' ὀρνίθων γενεῇ λιγύφωνον αἰδεῖ,  
 ἄλκυνες περὶ κύμα, χελιδόνες ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα,  
 κύκνος ἐπ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῦ καὶ ὑπ' ἄλσος ἀηδών.  
 εἰ δὲ φυτῶν χαίρουσι κόμαι, καὶ γαῖα τέθλην,  
 συρίζει δὲ νομεύς, καὶ τέρπεται εὐποκα μῆλα,  
 καὶ ναῦται πλώουσι, Διώνυσος δὲ χορεύει,  
 καὶ μέλπει πετεηνά, καὶ ᾠδίνουσι μέλισσαι,  
 πῶς οὐ χρὴ καὶ αἰοιδὸν ἐν εἵαρι καλὸν ἀεῖσαι ;

## XXXVIII

## SPRING

As soon as windy Winter was gone from the sky,  
out smiled the sunny season of flower-bearing Spring :  
the dark earth of green grass a coronal put on,  
and sucking scions burgeoned with petals all anew.  
And now the meadows drinking the tender dew of Dawn,  
their foster-mother, laugh with the opening of the rose.  
The shepherd in the mountains pipes gaily on his reed,  
and in the white kids of the goats the goatherd takes delight.  
Now on the ocean-billows the sailors are afloat,  
outbosoming their canvas the Zephyr's harmless breath.  
To clustered Dionysus men sing their praises now,  
with berried ivy's blossom engarlanding their hair.  
Now with their cunning duties the kine-engendered bees  
are busy, and within the hive do seated labour out  
the white, liquid treasures of the often-piercéd comb.  
The tribe of birds with voices clear are singing everywhere,  
the kingfisher about the wave, the swallow round the roof,  
the swan upon the river-banks, the nightingale in wood.  
Then if green leaves are merry, and earth is all in bloom,  
and if the shepherd pipeth, and fleecy flocks delight,  
if Dionysus danceth, and sailors are afloat,  
if chant the feathered creatures, and bees are travelling,  
how should not in the spring-time the poet sweetly sing ?

## XXXIX

Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἰκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,  
μυκᾶται, ψυχὰν ῥυόμενος θανάτου.  
ἀλλὰ μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρεά· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς  
πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἄναξ, ἐγένου.

## XXXIX

THE ox himself, O Zeus in heaven, is lowing at thine altar  
in supplication unto thee to save him from his doom :  
O son of Cronos, loose, I pray, the plougher from the halter,  
for thou to bear Europa didst thyself a bull become.

## XL

Τίς τάδε μοι θηητὰ περὶ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνήψε  
 σκῦλα, παναισχίστην τέρψιν Ἐνυαλίου ;  
 οὔτε γὰρ αἰγανέαι περιαγέες οὔτε τι πῆληξ  
 ἄλλοφος οὔτε φόνῳ χραυθὲν ἄρηρε σάκος·  
 ἀλλ' αὐτῶς γανόωντα καὶ ἀστυφέλικτα σιδάρῳ,  
 οἷά περ οὐκ ἐνοπᾶς ἀλλὰ χορῶν ἔναρα.  
 οἷς θάλαμον κοσμεῖτε γαμήλιον· ὅπλα δὲ λύθρῳ  
 λειβόμενα βροτέῳ σηκὸς Ἄρηος ἔχοι.

## XL

Who was it hung gay spoils to me  
about my temple thus,  
a gift of high indignity  
to Enyalios ?

Here are no spears of splintered wood,  
no crestless helm is here ;  
no buckler here befouled with blood  
doth on my wall appear.

Unbuffeted by sword or lance  
are these, but virgin-bright,  
liker to trophies of the dance  
than trophies of the fight.

Go, wedding-chambers ornament  
with weapons free from speck ;  
let arms with human gore besprent  
the shrine of Ares deck !



## XLI

Εἰπέ Λυκαινίδι, Δορκάς· ἴδ' ὡς ἐπίτηκτα φιλοῦσα  
 ἦλως· οὐ κρύπτει πλαστὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος·  
 ἄγγειλον τάδε, Δορκάς· ἰδοὺ πάλι δεύτερον αὐτῇ  
 καὶ τρίτον ἄγγειλον, Δορκάς, ἅπαντα· τρέχε.  
 μηκέτι μέλλε, πέτου—βραχύ μοι, βραχύ, Δορκάς, ἐπίσχε·  
 Δορκάς, ποῖ σπεύδεις, πρὶν σε τὰ πάντα μαθεῖν ;  
 πρόσθε δ' οἷς εἴρηκα πάλαι—μᾶλλον δ' ὅτι—ληρῶ·  
 μηδὲν ὅλως εἴπης—ἀλλ' ὅτι—πάντα λέγε.  
 μὴ φείδου τάδε πάντα λέγειν—καίτοι τί σε, Δορκάς,  
 ἐκπέμπω, σὺν σοὶ καὶ τὸς ἰδοὺ προάγων ;

## XLI

DORCAS, say to Lycaenis : *See, hypocrite prove  
thy kisses ! time hides not a counterfeit love.*

Take, Dorcas, this message ; again to her say,  
say again to her all of it, Dorcas ; away !

Nay, loiter not, fly !—stop a moment, attend !  
Dorcas, whither so fast before hearing the end ?

To my first message add that—or rather, that—well,  
say nothing at all—but that—all of it tell !

Refrain not from telling her all—but why so  
am I sending you, Dorcas, when with you I go ?

## XLII

Παμμῆτορ Γῆ, χαίρε· σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σέ  
Αἰσιγένην καὶ τὴ νῦν ἐπέχοις ἀβαρήs.

XLII

HAIL, Mother Earth ! Aesigenes,  
that erst was unto thee  
not heavy, now in turn may'st please  
to press not heavily.

## XLIII

Ἄ φίλερως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιάς οἶα γαλήνης  
ὄμμασι συμπείθει πάντας ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

XLIII

ASCLEPIAS, that amorous maid,  
even as Calm at sea,  
doth all by her bright eyes persuade  
love-mariners to be.

## XLIV

Τὴν πυρὶ νηχομένην ψυχὴν ἂν πολλάκι καίης,  
φεύξετ', Ἔρως· καὐτὴ, σχέτλι', ἔχει πτέρυγας.

XLIV

My soul that swims in fire forbear,  
O Love, to burn so oft ;  
she too hath wings, thou wretch ! beware,  
or she will fly aloft.



## XLV

Τὸν ταχύπουν ἔτι παῖδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης  
 ἄρτι μ' ἀπὸ στέρνων οὐατόεντα λαγὼν  
 ἐν κόλποις στέργουσα διέτρεφεν ἅ γλυκερόχρως  
 Φανίον, εἰαρινοῖς ἄνθεσι βοσκόμενον·  
 οὐδέ με μητρὸς ἔτ' εἶχε πόθος· θνήσκω δ' ὑπὸ θοίνης  
 ἀπλήστου, πολλῇ δαιτὶ παχυνόμενος.  
 καί μου πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψεν νέκυν, ὥς ἐν ὀνείροις  
 αἰὲν ὄρᾱν κοίτης γειτονέοντα τάφον.

## XLV

FROM my mother's breast forlorn  
I, the swift of foot, was torn  
lately, but an infant yet,  
a long-earéd leveret.  
Tender Phanion lovingly  
with kind keeping cherished me  
in her bosom, banquetting  
on the blossoms of the spring :  
and no longer then I sighed  
for my mother ; but I died  
from a feast unlimited,  
being on too much plenty fed.  
And my corpse by her bedside  
in her chamber she did hide,  
so in dreams my tomb to spy  
to her couch for ever nigh.

## XLVI

Κεῖμαι· λάξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαῖμον·  
οἶδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεούς, καὶ βαρὺν ὄντα φέρειν·  
οἶδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα· βαλὼν δ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν φρένα πυρσοὺς  
οὐ φλέξεις· ἤδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

## XLVI

Low lie I : tread upon my head,  
thou cruel Power ! I swear  
by heaven above, I know thee, Love,  
though hard thou art to bear ;

Thy fiery bow full well I know :  
but at my heart if thou  
shouldst hurl a torch, it will not scorch,  
for all is ashes now.

## XLVII

Εὐφορτοὶ νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἰ πόρον Ἕλλας  
πλείετε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι Βορέαν,  
ἣν που ἐπ' ἡϊόνων Κῶαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε  
Φανίον ἐς χαροπὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος,  
τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγείλασθε· καλὴ νυέ, σὸς με κομίζει  
ἥμερος οὐ ναύταν ποσσὶ δὲ πεζοπόρον  
εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἴποιτ' εὖ στέλλοισθ' αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς  
οὐριος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

## XLVII

TRIM ships of ocean, o'er the way  
of Helle sailing forth,  
while in your swelling bosoms play  
fair breezes of the North,

When passing by the Coan strand,  
if anywhere you sight  
Phanion gazing from the land  
upon the ocean bright,

Deliver unto her this word :  
*Fair damsel, yearning sweet*  
*for thee conveys me, not aboard*  
*but faring on my feet.*

And if ye render this my tale  
then cheerly may you go,  
and Zeus with favourable gale  
shall on your canvas blow.

## XLVIII

Ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισιν ὁ νήπιος ὀρθρινὰ παίζων  
ἀστραγάλοις τοῦμόν πνεῦμ' ἐκύβευσεν Ἑρως.

XLVIII

WHEN, at his mother's bosom yet,  
Love, soon as night was past,  
played knuckle-bones, the infant set  
my soul upon the cast.



## XLIX

Νᾶσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος· πάτρα δέ με τεκνοῖ  
'Ατθίς ἐν 'Ασσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα·  
Εὐκράτεω δ' ἔβλαστον ὁ σὺν Μούσαις Μελέαγρος  
πρῶτα Μενιππείοις συντροχάσας Χάρισιν.  
εἰ δὲ Σύρος, τί τὸ θαῦμα ; μίαν, ξένη, πατρίδα κόσμον  
ναίομεν· ἐν θνατοῦς πάντας ἔτικτε Χάος.  
πουλυετῆς δ' ἐχάραξα τάδ' ἐν δέλτοισι πρὸ τύμβου·  
γῆρως γὰρ γείτων κἀγγύθεν 'Αἶδεω.  
ἀλλὰ με τὸν λαλὶὸν καὶ πρεσβύτην συ προσειπὼν  
χαίρειν εἰς γῆρας καὐτὸς ἵκοιο λάλον.

## XLIX

TYRE was the isle that fostered me,  
my birth-place Gadara,  
among the Assyrians though it be,  
a town of Attica.

The son of Eucrates am I,  
that with the Muses' aid  
the Graces of Menippus nigh  
my earliest course essayed.

If Syrian, what the marvel then?  
stranger, we all have yet  
one fatherland, the world; all men  
one Chaos did beget.

When full of years inscribe I this  
on tablets for my tomb,  
for he that age's neighbour is  
near unto death is come.

Thy garrulous and ancient sage  
greet with a kindly speech;  
so pray I garrulous old age  
thou in thy turn may'st reach.



## L

Ἀτρέμας, ὦ ξένε, βαῖνε· παρ' εὐσεβέσιν γὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς  
εὔδει κοιμηθεὶς ὕπνον ὀφειλόμενον,  
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος, ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν Ἔρωτα  
καὶ Μούσας ἰλαραῖς συστολίσας Χάρισιν·  
ὃν θεόπαις ἥνδρωσε Τύρος Γαδάρων θ' ἱερὰ χθών·  
Κῶς δ' ἐρατὴ Μερόπων πρέσβυν ἐγηροτρόφει.  
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν Σύρος ἐσσί, Σάλαμ· εἰ δ' οὖν σύ γε Φοῖνιξ,  
Ναΐδιος· εἰ δ' Ἑλλην, Χαῖρε· τὸ δ' αὐτὸ φράσον.



## L

TREAD softly, stranger : here at rest        among pure souls below  
an old man, Meleager, sleeps        the sleep that all men owe :

The son of Eucrates ; that did        together of his wit  
Muses and Love the sweet in tears        with merry Graces knit :

Whom Tyre divine to manhood reared,        and Gadara's holy land ;  
Cos of the Merops nursed his age        upon her lovely strand.

If thou art Syrian, then *Salaam !*        *Naidios !* if Phenician ;  
prithee to me return the same,        or *Chaere !* if a Grecian.

TRANSFORMÉD fifty blossoms are of Meleager's soul,  
all with the Muses and the Graces grown :  
let these suffice thee ; for *by far the half exceeds the whole*,  
say we to whom is Hesiod's wisdom known.

Ἦδη πεντήκοντα μετεπλάσαμεν Μελεάγρου  
σύντροφα καὶ Μούσαις ἄνθεα καὶ Χάρισιν.  
ἄρκείτω σοι τοσσάδ'· ἐπεὶ πλέον ἡμῖς πάντες,  
ὥς φαμεν οἱ σοφίην εἰδότες Ἑσιόδου.



## NOTES

II. Love is supposed a runaway; and the poem begins as a proclamation describing him. In l. 4 we should perhaps more probably join νῶτα φαρετροφόρος 'with a quiver at his back,' as χρύσειον περὶ νῶτα φάρετριον in the second Idyll of Moschus, which this poem closely imitates. For, as writers in this kind generally, Meleager is a constant borrower of ideas, notably from Callimachus.

XXI. This is the ending of a debate with his own heart.

XXXVI. For Archilochus and this famous story, see the chapter on the Satirists in Mr. Symonds's *Greek Poets*.

XXXVII. A messenger coming from Mount Cithaeron with tidings for Niobe of the death of her sons, there slain by Apollo, finds her daughters also dying by the arrows of Artemis.

XL. Ares speaks.

XLVII. In ll. 5 and 7 the reading is quite uncertain.

XLIX. l. 2. Though in Syrian soil, an Attic city by virtue of its intellectual culture. The poets often say *Assyrian* for *Syrian*. l. 4. For Menippus, see the Introduction. In the *merry Graces* Meleager refers to his satiric work *The Graces*, there mentioned.





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